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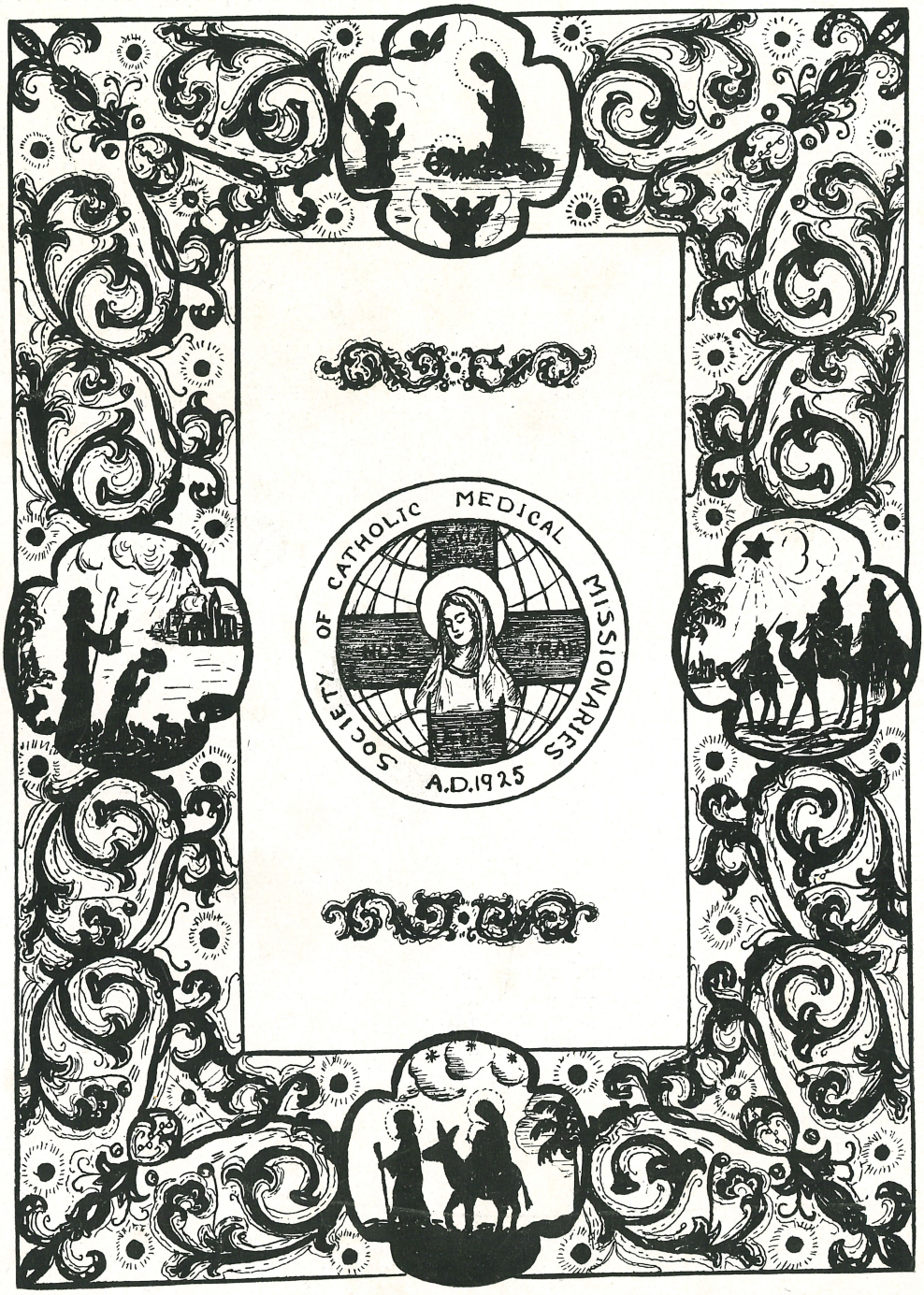
MEDICAL MISSIONARY



Vol. VII DECEMBER, 1933 No. 3

EDITORIAL

"The ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master's crib, but Israel hath not known Me, and My people hath not understood."—*Isaias i.*

". . . It was quite dark now, and he (Joseph) had to hold his lantern low to keep a safe footing. A little way out of Bethlehem a cave in a chalk hill opened upon the road. He said to Mary, 'Let us go in here.' The cave narrowed into an inner and smaller one, which seemed to be used as a stable, for an ox was there standing over a manger. They went in. Mary dismounted and knelt down in a corner to pray. Joseph hung up his lantern on the damp wall. Its flickering light showed the moisture trickling down on every side, and all the foulness of a neglected Eastern stable. This was the place which from all eternity God had chosen for the birthplace of His only Son. And here at midnight the Son of God was born; *the Word was made Flesh and dwelt amongst us.*

"Mary bowed herself down to adore. Here was the Messiah she had so longed to see. . . . She adores Him as her God. And then she takes Him up in her arms wraps Him up in swathing bands, and lays Him in the manger on a handful of straw, the best that Joseph can find about. She is grateful to the two animals which share it with Him and stand over Him warming Him a little with their breath. The words of Isaias come to her mind: 'The ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master's crib, but Israel hath not known Me, and My people hath not understood.'" — *Mother Loyola.*

Such was the poverty of Christ! But there, in spite of all that was rude and poor, was perfect Love. Today in India hundreds of babies are born under conditions almost as poor and fully as dirty, but added to those conditions are superstitution, ignorance, and often despair. Perhaps on this Christmas morn a Medical Missionary will bring to some young mother of India giving birth to her first-born son, the charity, love, and consolation of Jesus Christ—a love which will help her to bear all things for Him who so loved us and a peace which passeth all understanding.

To our readers, friends, and benefactors who have in any way helped us to bring this message of Christmas, we extend our heartfelt thanks. We wish to acknowledge our indebtness to the clubs on this side of the water: the Washington Auxiliary, the Lots for Little Thrift Shop, New York; the Harrisburg Little Flower Circle, the Fall River India Mission Unit, and the Medical Missionary Committee of the Buffalo Circle of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae for their untiring and generous support of the Medical Mission Apostolate; and to those in England who carry on so splendidly the work of the Home Committee for Support of the Catholic Medical Mission to Indian Women and Children, the Holy Family Hospital, Rawalpindi, India.

Holy Family Hospital,
Rawalpindi, India.

Dear Reader:

This is to wish you all a very happy and holy Christmas full of blessings for body and soul. May the Christ Child make you realize the happiness of being among those to whom the Star of Faith has appeared.

In 1927 our Chapel in the Holy Family Hospital, which was then barely completed, was the scene of the First Midnight Mass ever celebrated in the native city of Rawalpindi. At this time we like to recall the fact that our Society has a very special reason to rejoice that it has been the instrument in God's Providence by which the erection of one more tabernacle in the pagan world has been made possible. In our Midnight Mass this year the Sisters and I shall remember all our friends very specially. We earnestly hope and pray that all of our old friends will remain faithful and that our new friends will increase with the growth of our work. Our greatest need, however, is for vocations.

Our work last summer in the villages was most satisfactory; the people were so kind to us and our services so much in demand. With more sisters we could accomplish much. Now our hospital work progresses well and takes our entire time.

May 1934 be a blessed year for you, both spiritually and temporally.

Yours sincerely in J. M. J.,
ANNA DENGEL, M.D.

The MEDICAL MISSIONARY

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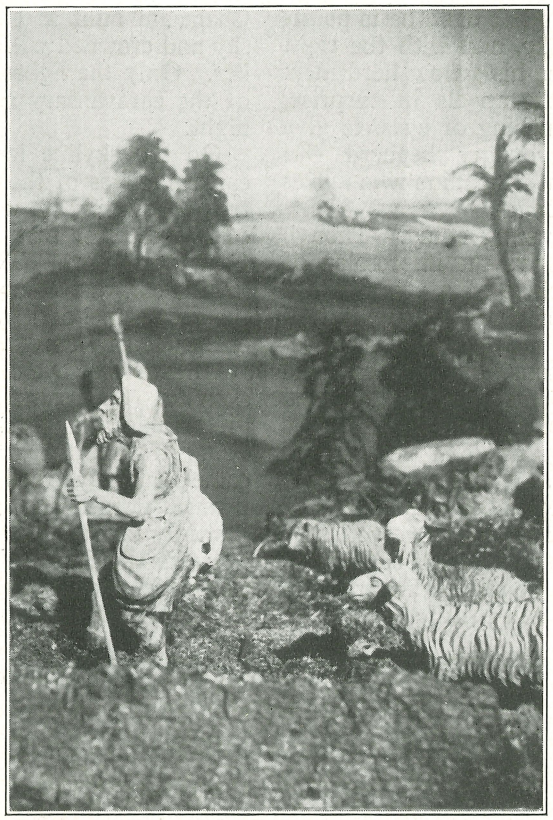
OUR CRIB

By MICHAEL A. MATHIS, C.S.C.

WHEN the Divine Infant is born anew at midnight Mass on Christmas morning at the Medical Mission House, the Eucharistic Lord will be reminded of the first Christmas at Bethlehem, not only by the cheerful poverty of the motherhouse of our Society, but also by the artistic representation of His birth in that memorable stable of Palestine.

Our Crib is not an ordinary one. Indeed it is perhaps one of the most artistic and exact, from the standpoint of geography and history, in all the country.

The 80 individual figures, from the tiny Infant to the smallest lamb of the sheepfold, are hand-carved masterpieces, the productions of a pious Tyrolese artist. Each one is an individual as the character it represents in this joyful drama. Indeed, so individual are these figures that the character of each is a household word amongst us. Names have been given to some of the most interesting. Everyone of us knows Dr. Dengel's preference for a little mountain goat whose bell (hardly as large as a pea), when once thought lost, almost broke up the community.



A SHEPHERD BEARING A GIFT TO THE INFANT

To permit these carved actors to play their part in the sweetest story of history, our Scripture class, both professor and students, have been working for months to prepare the proper historical and geographical setting for the crib. For this purpose the whole parlor has been turned over to us. But it is really more than a crib. It is a chapter of our lives, something like the Oberammergau Passion Play, something that is prepared by loving hands of members whose hearts are annually moved profoundly by the events of Christmas.

The setting of the crib is a miniature reproduction of the natural amphitheater formed by an abrupt break in the Judean plateau upon which Bethlehem is built. This plateau rises gently to the southward from Jerusalem. From the Holy City Bethlehem can be reached by a 15-minute ride in a good car. The average height of the plateau is 2,000 above sea level, but at Bethlehem it reaches 2,545 feet. The city at the time of Christ was built on the western ledge of this natural amphitheater and was the terminus of the road from Jerusalem.

It was along this road that the Holy Family came, seeking shelter for the night at the inn. This in those days was the famous camel caravansary, the Khan of Chamaam, built 1,000 years before by a man of that name to whom Solomon gave lands at the express last wish of David.

Not finding shelter at the Khan of Chamaam, the Holy Family was obliged to go to the less frequented caves of the eastern end of the great amphitheater and there with the companionship of the humble beasts of the field, the ox and the ass, the miracle of the Incarnation was accomplished.

From the earliest days this cradle of the Infant God has been the most joyful monument of Christian piety. Around it gathered monks, nuns, and pious lay people to study, to pray, and to humble themselves near the manger where Christ was

born. And when at length Christians were free and able to express their devotion to this hallowed spot in more lasting monuments, St. Helena built in 325 over this cave the Church of the Nativity which stands to this day.

Rising gently from the valley into which the Bethlehem amphitheater descends, Shepherds Hill is the most conspicuous landmark facing the city in the foreground. Upon its summits were gathered under the shelter of rocky caverns the shepherds who were watching their flocks in the cold night of Christ's birth. To these, angels appeared, singing "Gloria in excelsis Deo," and proclaiming the glad tidings of the Saviour's birth at Bethlehem.

At the mouth of the miniature caverns on Shepherds Hill, our crib has gathered some seven shepherds and 26 sheep. All the shepherds save two, who are finishing a song on bagpipes, are represented in different degrees of being aroused from slumber by the angelic messengers. Only one has risen to his feet. With his left hand he is pointing to the angels in the sky, and with the right hand he is trying to arouse his fellow herdsmen. All the shepherds face the angels in surprise, while rising, with much rubbing of eyes, to give ear to the message. The younger shepherds rise more rapidly than one older companion who moves with evident creaking of bones.

The sheep are an interesting study. Though only 26 in number, they give the impression of being merely the outer fringe of a veritable sea of sheep, tucked away for the night within the sheepfold of the caverns. Only two are peacefully grazing. One is scratching his ear and another his forehead by dexterous use of hind legs. One is rising, sheeplike, with his hind legs first, whilst his front legs are still bent at the knees as though in prayer. Another, obviously a hungry, lazy, curious sheep, stops munching just long enough to turn around, without even stirring a muscle of his sleepy legs, to see what's going on. Others, with wide-open eyes, are staring timidly at the angels, and a baby lamb, with its little back turned discourteously towards the heavenly messengers, is trying to read what it's all about in the troubled eyes of its mother.

On the path down Shepherds Hill and up the rugged height of Bethlehem, in the lowest part of the valley where one might expect to find a spring, is a well around which are grouped three women who might have been obliged to go out at night, an unheard of thing for women in Palestine, by the unforseen necessity to procure water for the overflow of guests who had crowded the city for the enrollment. The women are pictured in various postures of filling their jars with water, whilst exchanging a bit of gossip, oblivious, like the keepers of the inn, of the great event that had just transpired in their midst which would one day make their city known and loved to the ends of the earth.

On the road that winds in spirals to negotiate the crest of the steep hill upon which Bethlehem is built and leading to the western gate of the city, move two groups in our crib, three shepherds bearing gifts to the Infant, and a man riding an ass and leading two others, laden with provisions from the lowlands for the morrow.

The old city of Bethlehem, with the Khan of Chamaam built in bold relief against the starlit sky and crowded with guests, is pictured at slumber. Only the lighted windows and the bonfires of the caravansary stand out as sentinels in the night.

On the skyline leading from the city to the eastern ledges of the great amphitheater, a camel trek is winding its way, guided by the soft light of a great star that hovers over the cave where Christ was born. Three camels are represented in this caravan. These are led by a king astride the first camel and followed by two others which are guided by servants and loaded with gifts.

Outside the cave of our crib is a scene of great activity. One camel is being unloaded, and the gifts, under the direction of a military officer, are being transported into the cave. Three other camels, already freed of their burdens, are taking a much needed stretch under the vigilant eye of a sturdy keeper.

Inside the cave itself is the hush of silent adoration which would remind us moderns of the inaudible and yet conscious prayer of the multitudes at the elevation of the Mass.

"INSIDE THE CAVE IS THE HUSH OF SILENT ADORATION"

The center of the scene is a child "wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger." There is nothing to distinguish this Child from other children except His poverty and

(*Turn to p.* 12)

KIRPA RAM

By SISTER M. LAETITIA, R.N.

HE IS DEAD now, poor old Kirpa Ram! What a well-known figure he was in the winter in Rawalpindi, and in summer in the adjacent hill station of Murree!

Kirpa Ram had a shop, a dry-goods store I suppose one would have called it, which was known by the name of "Kip's." One could buy almost anything there—a pair of shoes, a hat, most beautiful silks, ballroom dresses, a doll, a ball, anything! What a place it was! Kip never knew what he had or did not have, but optimistically assured one that he had just exactly the thing one wanted. Then the search would begin! Half of the stuff on the floor: beautiful silks strewn all around and stepped on; boots on top of them; hats which, Kip said, had come from Paris, lying under a pile of carpets; expensive wools twined around chair legs, or one's own legs — all over the place, and Kip hunting and hunting for the required article, pulling out and throwing down more and more things to be trodden underfoot. Then some of his salesmen, usually poor relatives, would join in the hunt, and even the buyer, until the thing was unearthed. It was rarely the case that it couldn't be found, for practically everything was there.

Now came the bargaining: "Five-rupees, my-last-price, cost-price-four-and-one-half-rupees, let-you-have-it-for-two-rupees," Kip would say all in one breath.

"No, no, that is too dear," from the purchaser.

"Dear Miss-Sahib, no, very cheap, see how strong," giving it a tug. ("Zip!" it would tear in two, for most of Kip's stock was rather aged.)

The old man was always pleased to see the priests (the "Padre-Sahibs") and the Sisters in his higgeldy-piggeldy shop, for he thought that they brought him luck, and for that reason he would never, or seldom, allow them to walk out without making some sort of a purchase, even if he had to let it go for what he considered a very cheap price.

One day a priest went there to buy a jaeger cardigan. The priest was not especially impressed by anything he saw, but finally agreed to buy one stamped "Jaeger." When he had paid for it, he examined it a little more closely and found that the ticket marked "Jaeger" had been printed by a man in Suddar Bazaar, who had also stamped his name and address in small letters on one corner of the ticket.

"What is the meaning of this?" asked the Padre-Sahib. "Was this made in India or Japan?"

The discovery of the fraud so shocked the old man that he gave it to the Padre for two or three rupees—a really nice article.

About four years ago Kirpa Ram decided to see the world, so he, with a large retinue, started off for America, England, and the Continent. The preparation began months ahead of time. This included Kip's learning to eat with a knife and fork, for he had eaten with his fingers all his life. He went to the best hotel in Pindi and there was given instructions in eating according to western custom. There was still another difficulty. He could not exist for months without *chappaties* (unleavened wheaten bread). This problem he solved by having his khansaman (cook) make several huge bins of chappaties to take with him through Europe.

Kip always wore an enormous turban of yards and yards of none-too-clean white cloth twisted like a rope around his head. How he ever managed to balance it there was a marvel. His nether garments were exceedingly long and tight, something of the jockey variety only much longer, and the legs so narrow that one wondered how on earth he had got into them. A very dirty, crumpled, black coat (apparently he patronized his own wares very little), looking about as old as himself, came down to his knees. His shoes completed the picture. They were usually red sandals, trimmed with gold, having long, narrow, turned-up, pointed toes like an Arabian caliph of old.

Now Kirpa Ram is dead and his body burnt according to Hindu custom. His stores in Pindi have passed into the hands of his sons, who have tidied them up and modernized them until the "Kip Rams' " of a few years ago are no longer recognizable. They are very good business men still, for in spite of all the political unrest of India, I saw a flaring red poster the other day urging one to "Buy British Boots at Kirpa Ram's" (made in the Suddar Bazaar, I suppose).

CHRISTMAS

This is the month
And this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son
Of Heaven's eternal King
Of wedded Maid
And Virgin Mother born,
Our great Redemption
From above did bring;
For the holy sages
Once did sing—
That He
Our deadly forfeit should release,
And with His Father
Work us a Perpetual Peace.

—Milton.

CHRIST COMES TO CULION

By James E. Haggerty, S.J.

[*Reprinted with the permission of Jesuit Missions*]

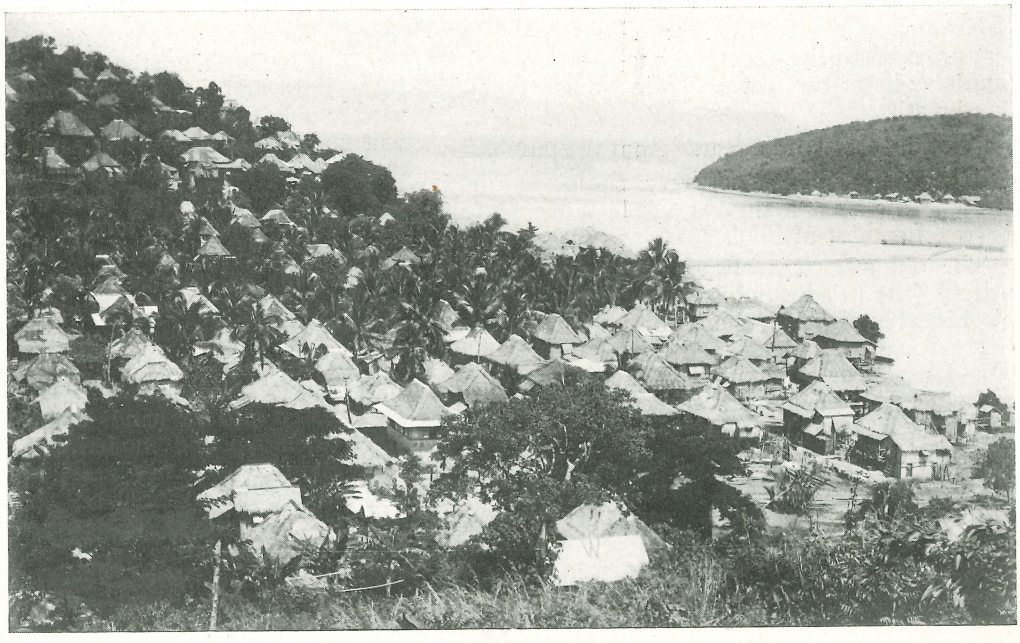
IT WAS a Christmas boat. In the hold were Christmas gifts—old clothes, old shoes, old hats, slightly damaged merchandise from Manila stores. On the third-class deck crouched close together a hundred and fifty Filipino passengers, sailing to friends or family. Old women guarded their gifts jealously—a hand of bananas, a straw sack of sweet potatoes, a live chicken. Husbands sprawled over big bags of peanuts, cabbages, green-colored oranges—gifts for wives or parents. A handful of passengers looked down from the first-class deck and were grateful that they had a good chair for the day and a cot for the night . . . Husbands were off to see wives; mothers their children; young people, their parents; there were gifts in the hold; and a bright sun in a cloudless December sky—but hearts were heavy: it was a Christmas boat to Culion—land with a cloud-hid star of hope—isle where coral-blue waters beat softly on a shore of leprous death.

The Corregidor, government cutter, turned slowly in the boat-laden Pasig, steamed on across Manila Bay, past the guns of Corregidor, its namesake, and hurried out to meet the China Sea. All was calm. Scarcely a sound came from the lower deck except the occasional crow of a cock—there was no merry-making, no laughter from the laughter-loving Filipinos. Yet about us was the wondrous sea, the wild, green, hilly shore, and the golden sun above it all.

By morning the cutter was curving its way between sheer, forested rocks that spring from the green-glazed water. Suddenly, on turning a bend, Culion was seen across an inland sea. Its white buildings vaguely climbed the hill in the distance, and the breeze brought a strange odor—a curious smell of medicine that one will forever associate with an island in the China Sea, where lepers were once sent to be forgotten and to die.

As the boat drew to the wharf in the "sanitary" part of Culion, off to the left on the hillside overlooking the bay were lepers straining their eyes in a vain effort to catch sight even at that distance of some loved one. It was a gay afternoon throughout the clean, palm-shaded streets of the Colony, and also in the big open square looking down upon the sea whose changing colors take away the breath of one not born to the tropics. The leper band played all afternoon in the plaza; relatives and friends from the same provinces gathered in little *nipa* huts to have a feast on the unusual dainties from the land they had left behind. Here and there one might have found a disappointed face, but an air of gaiety quivered in the warm air that bright day just before Christmas.

The next morning we were up long before the dawn. The novena held on the nine days before Christmas was drawing to a close, and the Masses were, therefore, very early. All throughout the Philippines prevails this custom of the *Misa de Gallo,* or Mass of the Cock. Nine days before Christmas the early dawn is a-clang with the church bells calling all to don their brightest clothes and hasten to the novena. Each succeeding morning the bells ring out earlier, and finally on Christmas Eve comes the climax with the Midnight Mass. But we were up even before



Culion Island —the largest leper colony in the world where "coral blue waters beat softly on shores of leprous death"

the bells rang out in the starry darkness.

Venerable Father Rello, S.J., the "Padre of Forty Tongues," who greets the Pentecostal folk of Culion each in his own language, had finished his Mass before five o'clock. It was still dark when we made our way to the gate that led into the leper part of the village. A little silver bell was tinkling and flickering candles lit up the blotched and swollen faces of young lads in cassock and surplice, and gleamed on the tall metal crucifix which headed the group. Not a word was spoken, but quickly we were off, the little bell tinkling and the patches of light climbing ahead up the steep paths to the hospitals. Hobbling along in the rear, just recovered from an attack of rheumatism the dear old priest clutched to his bosom a ciborium, bringing Christ before break of day to eager-waiting souls who had tossed out the long feverish night.

From hospital to hospital we went—the men's, the women's, the boys', the girls', from the hospital of the dying to that of the convalescent. At the door of each we were met by a little kneeling group of leper nurses and attendants. A few dim lights were enough to disclose those wards of suffering, and many a sight was mercifully hidden in the darkness —sightless eyes, missing limbs, decayed faces. Here and there broken forms crawled to their knees at the foot of their pallets and with hands folded on their breasts awaited the coming of the Comforter and Friend. A nurse followed with water and a spoon to aid parched throats. At the end of the journey down the aisles we paused a moment at a little altar or shrine where some nun who had watched out the night was kneeling at her morning meditation—and then on, to some other hospital.

Before we had finished the rounds, the joyous clang of the church bells was sounding out over the awakened island, and the quick dawn was breaking on the crests of the little waves in the dark sea. As is the custom in the Philippines, the bells continued their intermittent clanging from the first signal till a sudden flurry of sound from all the bells gave warning that the service was beginning. An hour had passed since we began the visit of the sick, and we were climbing the height to the church where Father Juan, S.J., was starting Mass. We then came upon a scene that will remain in memory, I hope, for all time: a contrast that revealed the power of the Catholic Church over the poor outcasts of the earth. The priest had just brought untold consolation to the dying; now I was to see how the Church brought joy and simple happiness to men who otherwise would have little to give them hope. The strain of stringed instruments broke sweetly on the ear, and as we drew nearer we saw the church ablaze with light. The ancient, crumbling edifice was packed to the doors with men and women in their gayest colors. From the choir came throaty, yet strangely thrilling voices singing the lilting music of Spanish hymns; an orchestra played brightly with an accompaniment of tambourines and castanettes. The altar with its gilded niches and gaudily-dressed statues gleamed under the blaze of many candles. The faces of the lepers were lit with joy and with faith. They were honoring Christ in the way of the Orient tinged with Spain.

BRINGING CHRIST BEFORE BREAK OF DAY TO EAGERLY AWAITING SOULS

Later in the morning our boat pulled out from the Culion dock. On board were two-score lepers declared cured. On the steep hillsides off to one side many of the five thousand lepers left behind waved a farewell. I felt something like a pang of parting. The events of that early morning had stirred me as had few things before. Indelible were the two contrasting pictures:—the soft, warm, dark, splotched by candles bobbing before the Holy Viaticum, the close hospital wards filled with misery beautifully resigned; and the bright old church crowded with souls made happy in their religion, ringing with the songs and chants that the singers had loved on other Christmases in the old, well days.

The Church has done much to brighten the leper's life. At *fiestas* the litanies are chanted and the rosary recited in the old familiar Spanish, as processions wind around the climbing roads. And when the leper lies exhausted on his pallet, the

(*Continued on page* 11)

WASHINGTON

The Washington Auxiliary held a very successful card party on Saturday afternoon, October 21st at the Southern Dairies. The latter who had offered their hall and decorated it especially for the occasion, contributed not only ice-cream but a door prize. We are glad to take this opportunity to thank them for their courtesy.

Many other prizes were contributed by members of the Auxiliary and friends.

The Reverend Michael A. Mathis, C.S.C., our Director, spoke a few words, commending the Auxiliary for the good work it was doing, and expressing the Society's appreciation for what they had accomplished on its behalf.

The party netted $42.00.

ENGLAND

We hear from Sister Dorothy in Osterley that she and Sister Xavier are very busy bundling up, spiritually and materially, three courageous postulants for a wintry trip across the Atlantic in January to the Motherhouse. The three prospective novices hail (two) from Germany and (one) from Holland. We wish them Godspeed.

THE RED SEA

"September 30th.

Dr. Stern writes:

"I hope everybody is well at home, I think of you all a great deal. I am just beginning to feel a little bit lonely but after ten days or so I'll be at home again—I mean in Dacca. It is nice to have homes in three continents.

"Everything is all right. I have pleasant cabinmates and table companions. The latter speak Urdu with me. One is a teacher near Lucknow; the other an aeroplane engineer from the Punjab. There are other very educated Indians whom I have met. Father Pinto, S.J., who is from Karachi is also on board and of course some English and Europeans.

"The Mediterranean was extremely rough around the island of Candia. It lasted for twenty-four hours and almost everybody was seasick—but not I!

"October 3.

"Today is the birthday of our Society and I feel now more than ever that I should like to be at home, I mean on one of the three continents. Father Pinto offered his Mass for us.

"On Sunday the second Holy Mass was strictly liturgical (?). The orchestra played Schubert and Gounod even during the Consecration. They played very devoutly, however.

"The Red Sea was pretty hot, but not worse than Washington—the cabins, extremely hot.

"Yesterday at noon we arrived at Aden, or rather at the Steamer Point. It is a sad place—you know it, of course—bald volcanic rocks, no vegetation, and the vultures! No other birds would fit into the landscape, only those gloomy birds of prey. They floated round the ship, perched on the masts, and almost carved out our eyes. Now we are in the Indian Ocean.

"After tomorrow I shall arrive in the Land of Promise! I am the more happy the nearer I get to India. If the editor wants a tedious article about the journey in miserable English, she can get it, but it won't be worth the paper. The Hungarian editor, the Jesuit Father will get one, but at least he need not correct my Hungarian.

"October 7.

"Hurra! In India! Here I am sitting in the Villa Theresa. Everything went extremely smoothly. In five minutes I debarked. Just think I've come all this way without having had to open a single suitcase in the customs office. I had to wait in the car for five French Sisters who were also going to the Franciscans. It took them two hours to get off the ship.

"Today is First Friday, and they are having Exposition of the Most Blessed Sacrament. Isn't it providential to arrive on the feast of the Divine Heart?

"I am very happy, and India is beautiful! I hope you are all well and as happy as I am. My love to everybody. I leave for Dacca tonight. . . .

"On the train after Nagpur,
"Oct. 8, 1933.

". . . Here I am very happy and dirty. . . .

"Yesterday I went with the Mère Assistante in the market and bought a few things. In the afternoon at 4.30 an Irish Mother and a native Sister took me to the Big Station. You should see my baggage! I increased it by the following:

"1. The earthen pitcher with water.

"2. A huge basket with oranges, bananas, biscuit, bread, and eggs. These will supply me with plenty of vitamin till Calcutta.

"3. A pillow and two sheets. My coolie started to put my bedding in the dirtiest place he could find, so I gave up all hope of cleanliness in despair.

"However, I don't think the Indian trains are any dirtier than some of the Continental ones. I got a very nice little compartment all to myself.

"To go back to yesterday. The Villa Theresa is like a palace from the Thousand and One Nights, in a garden of banana trees and cocoanut palms. It belonged once to a wealthy Hindu and is said to be haunted by evil spirits. Nobody wanted to buy it, so the Franciscans got it for very little. I slept so soundly I never saw the Ghost. From the house I could see the Malabar Hill and the Towers of Silence, and the fat vultures fed on the corpses of wealthy Parsees. The Sisters were extremely kind to me, and I regretted having to leave so soon.

"I am sorry, too, that I had to leave the sea—the Atlantic in storm and fog; the blue Mediterranean in the red light of the dawning sun; the Red Sea in the glare of the tropical sun; the Indian Ocean by the glimmer of the green, tropical moon. . . . The sea is the most beautiful in creation! Imagine! I saw him—the Shark! His huge black fins rose above the water, and he put out his pointed, ugly nose for a moment and then disappeared in the waves. The Chief Sailor told me that the Red Sea is full of them. I shouldn't like to be in it in a shipwreck. I forgot to write you that we had a shipwreck rehearsal on board ship. They made a terrible noise with the foghorn, and everybody rushed on deck with their lifebelts on their neck. Father H—— was very amusing with his long whiskers. He could not decide whether to put his whiskers under or above the lifebelt. First he put them in; then he couldn't move his head, so he had to pull them out again. I thought they would throw us overboard to see whether or not we would float, but to my great disappointment an officer came and sent us away.

"October 13, Dacca.

"Deo gratias, home again! Everything went well. I lost one pin on the whole journey. I didn't even lose my passport. Imagine the happiness of seeing Medical Missionaries again! . . ."

TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY

Behold! I bring you tidings of the birth of
Mary's Son
The Saviour Babe of all the world, the Lord's
own chosen one.
Let joy and gladness reign supreme in all
your souls today.
Let peace and love dwell in your hearts as
low you kneel and pray.

O cling to Him, ye youthful ones,
and He will keep you free
From every wave of woe that bounds o'er
life's tempestuous sea;
He will tend you in your sorrows,
He wil soothe you in you woes,
He will lead you in you battles,
He will soothe you from your foes.
Repose in Him, ye weary ones; there's ever
peace and love
For those who seek the Sacred Heart of Him
Who rules above.
He will guard you and protect you till the day
of days has come
When the Saviour Babe of Bethlehem shall
call you to His Home.

—Brian O'Higgins.

MEDICAL MISSION CLIPPINGS

Monks of St. Bernard Settling on the Tibet Border—*The Universe.*

Four monks of St. Bernard, two priests, and two lay brothers have arrived on the Tibet frontier and have chosen a settlement for the establishment of a regular hospice next spring. Dom Pierre Melly is the leader of the expedition. With Fr. Coquoz, the other priest, he made a reconnaissance of the district about three years ago. To reach their goal, the monks had twice to cross the range of mountains 13,000 feet high, which divides the Yangtze and Mekong valleys. Profiting by experience acquired during the preliminary visit to the region, they were not only able to avoid violence on the part of brigands who infest the zone, but were, on account of medical services, successful in securing from the brigand chiefs freedom to move about without molestation.

On the Si-La (Pass) on the borders of Szechwan and Tibet they have already been able to make provisional arrangement for the erection of the new building. The region is traversed every year by thousands of pilgrims whose lives are frequently endangered by severe weather. The monks overcame the difficulty by the use of the ski in which they are all experts. They are grieved to find, however, that a Tibetan priest who on the previous journey had been found invaluable for his knowledge of the country and who, after instruction, had started a sort of skiing school for the natives, had been killed some time ago by brigands. The monks have, however, again begun to teach the use of the ski to the natives.

The party passed the summer in search of a suitable site for the hospice, the building of which cannot be begun till next spring. Their relations with the brigands continue to be cordial, thanks to numerous cures they have been able to effect among the Chinese, Indian, and Tibetan sick.

A building abandoned by a French missionary has been transformed into a hospital at which are treated daily individuals of various races. In six months the monks have exhausted 20 cases of medicines.

Minga Nyassa—*The African Missions of the White Fathers.*

The hospital is divided into three categories: ordinary cases not very grave, receiving at the dispensary daily care; the "interns," more serious ones, requiring more assiduous care; and the lepers whose quarters are separate, reserved for them alone. Thousands of patients claim our care each year. This will not be astonishing to anyone who realizes that the nearest doctor is more than 132 miles away!

Fifth Mission Band Leaves Springfield, Ill.—*Catholic Mission News.*

The fifth mission band of the Hospital Sisters of St. Francis left the motherhouse at Springfield, Ill., early in August to increase the staff of Sisters laboring in China. The group consisted of Sr. Vitallia, registered pathologist and laboratory technician; Sr. Zita, registered pharmacist, and Sr. Lucia, dietician. Accompanying them were Sisters Cletus and Innocence, native Chinese who have completed their postulate and novitiate in the community.

The Hospital Sisters of St. Francis built a hospital at Tsinanfu, China, in 1925, the first modern hospital built in China by American Sisters. In 1932 a new dispensary was opened in Tianfu.

Goes to India—*Catholic World.*

Dr. Paul E. Nolte, graduate of Kansas City University School of Medicine, is en route to Indore, Central India, with the Divine Word Missionaries. He will establish a hospital for the natives of their mission district. Dr. Nolte has devoted much time to clinical diagnosis and preventive medicine and has volunteered his professional services to the missions.

R. I. P.

The sad news has reached us from China that Dr. Ilse R. Lauber, a convert and a lay woman, died 10 days after her arrival at the Passionist Mission in Senchow. Her arrival there had been an answer to the hopes and prayers of the priests and Sisters who for 11 years had been cut off from adequate medical attention. When Dr. Lauber learned of the distress of the Passionist missionaries, she immediately offered herself for this work, and sailed for China in August.

May God reward her for her generosity, and may she rest in peace.

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The Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries is a religious community founded for the purpose of bringing medical aid to the foreign mission field. Please address enquiries to: Dr. Anna Dengel, Catholic Medical Mission House, Brookland, Washington, D. C.

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CHRIST COMES TO CULION

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Padre who understands, speaks consoling words in soft Tagalog, musical Visayan, or sturdy Ilocano, of the land where the leper is clean.

Out from the hospitals of France and Canada the nuns have brought skill and relief. Cleanliness came to the wards; dormitories were erected where girls learnt music and needlework, and boys, natural training. Schools were opened, bands of music liven long afternoons, and plays, speeches, poetry, make *fiestas* days that are long to be expected and remembered.

CHRISTMAS AT OSTERLEY

Christmas at Osterley began early. The 6th of December is the day St. Nicholas visits the children on the continent, deferring his visit to England and America until the 25th. Last year he paid a flying visit, none the less, to his continental favorites exiled in Osterley, at the time he knew they expected him. And how welcome he was! We insular people, however, did not see him at all, but we knew he had come by the unwonted profusion of fruit, chocolates, etc. Thus we got the Christmas spirit early and Advent flew by in happy, earnest preparation for the Birth of the Infant Saviour.

Christmas Eve was a quiet though busy day. Each one had her allotted task, and, in doing it as well and as quickly as she could, she tried to prepare her heart in silence for the great event of the Blessed Night. We had supper very early and afterwards were invited to hang our stockings at the refectory fireplace. An hour of final preparations, night prayers, and then to bed, and the grand silence descended on this little mission house. The grand silence always reigns till after Mass the next morning, but on this holy night it was broken at 11.30 p. m. by two voices singing, very softly, *"Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht."* The community, only half asleep on this short, wonderful night, thought it must be dreaming! Then came the second verse . . . and we realized we were awake and that the voices were on the landing outside. The rising bell rang to summon us to Midnight Mass. As we hurried downstairs, the beautiful hymn rang in our ears, and we decided that there could not be a more beautiful way to be awakened on Christmas Eve.

We had the privilege of having three Masses in our chapel that night. The little white altar was beautiful with chrysanthemums of that color and red poinsettias. At the feet of our statue of Mater Christi was a poor little crib,—only the Divine Infant on a manger of straw in a rock-hewn cave. Though there was no Blessed Mother, no St. Joseph, visibly there; no sheep nor shepherds, no ox or ass, for us it was Bethlehem! We had no organ or choir at that time (we had not much of anything), so we could not sing the Mass. The Divine Child was born in our hearts mid a very great stillness, and, after we had welcomed Him, we confidently asked Him to bless this dear Mater Christi House on this its first Christmas night and ever afterwards. At the end of each Mass we sang a Christmas hymn, and our "Gloria in excelsis Deo" must have rivaled the angels'—in volume, I mean.

When we had finished our Thanksgiving, we left the chapel to wish Father Braetts and each other the happiest of happy Christmases in three languages, after which we hurried downstairs where we knew surprises awaited us, for we had not been allowed into the refectory since the afternoon of Christmas Eve. After much merry-making, we sang a last carol and, as it was growing late—I mean early—retired to bed.

We were up again at eight and went to the Solemn High Mass at Heston. The two-mile walk there and back was delightful and helped us to appreciate the Christmas fare at the dinner table on our return. Christmas Day ended with Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. Christmas Day came to an end, but Christmastide had only begun; and the Prince of Peace has blessed our house—His Mother's house—with His presence ever since. In a few weeks He will come again, and we shall "open wide our gates, and the King of Glory shall enter in."

M. D.

OUR CRIB

(*Continued from page* 4)

sweetness. Here is pictured the mystery of the Incarnation: the incomprehensible Wisdom of the Godhead has clothed His unspeakable greatness in the frail garments of human flesh and dwelt among us with all our human limitations. The baby's cry that broke the cold stillness of the midnight cave finds a sweet echo in every human heart that reads this story and in particular the hearts of those who were gathered around the manger that first Christmas morning.

The first creature to fall down in adoration before the "Word made flesh" and the first to press Him to her bosom was no doubt that spotless human tabernacle in which the body of the Man-God was fashioned and nourished by immaculate milk, she who is represented in our crib as rapturously hovering over the new born Child and absorbed in her own thoughts. Standing guard over Mary and the Child is St. Joseph whose loving worship of Jesus is perforce interrupted by his duty to manage the crowd that has come to adore his Foster Son.

The beasts of the field too are represented in the cave of our crib, a very dumb ass and a complacent-looking ox. In their humble and useful way they brought some of the first comfort to the Divine Child, for they helped to dispell the cold of the dark cave by the warmth of their friendly breath.

Those who cared for beasts, the shepherds, were the first to come to the manger. Themselves poor they did not look down upon the poor. Indeed to this day when a wife is delivered of a child, the sisters, wives, and daughters of the shepherds hurry to her aid, not one of them emptyhanded. In our crib they bring the white offerings of their craft: a maid brings milk, a boy, cheese and wool, and a man, a lamb. These with their elders came to adore the Child and ranged themselves around the manger behind Our Lady and near the beasts whose services they understood so well.

On the other side of the manger in our crib is a royal courtege, the Wisemen from the East, followed by servants, some of whom are laden with gifts while others are busy unpacking them and presenting them to their lords who in turn offer them to the Divine Child. The Wisemen had come from afar. They were men of true science who followed truth whithersoever it led. They studied the noblest of the sciences, the heavens, and as a reward they were led by a miraculous star to the crib. They came to worship a king, and when they found Him, despite His humble throne, they fell down and adored Him and offered Him "Gold, Frankincense, and Myrrh."

This then is our crib, and I only wish all our friends could see it. We would then be more sensibly united in our common privilege to adore the Eucharistic King at midnight Mass on Christmas day. I pray that the fervor of our devotion may warm the Eucharistic Heart of Jesus at Holy Communion on that day as much at least as the breath of beasts comforted His tiny body in the manger; that with the simplicity of the shepherds we bring Him the offerings of our craft, no matter what it be; that, with the kings, we give anew to the Infant King of Kings the gold of our undying love, the sweet-smelling frankincense of personal sacrifices, and, finally, myrrh, the symbol of the spices that embalm the dead whose ever present memory will keep us free from sin.

December 1, 1933.

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THE EDITOR.

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